cried a great deal. "Ah, ma'am/[9] said he to her,
"I hear your little one crying for Its ass's milk."

Dean Digby, in answer to some person at table who was enquiring his age, and saying the dean could not be fifty, replied, "No, no, I have not yet seen fifty." "Then/* said Mr. George Clavering, meaning to be excessively polite, and taking up his glass, "then, Mr* Dean, here's that you never *may* see fifty! "

When Lady Poole, his second wife, lay ill of the disorder which terminated her life, all her acquaintances left their names at her door, to enquire after her. When she at last died, her husband called himself at the houses of those acquaintances, and left a message, *viz.*, that " Lady Poole was very much obliged to them for their kind enquiries, but was very sorry she could not return their calls, because she was dead/[11]

Mr. Ralph Carr, of Dunstan Hill (whose father, by-the-bye, I believe was gardener to the Claverings),[9] recollects having seen my grandmother, Isabella, Lady Swinburne, walking in Newcastle with a mob after her, on account of her having

i Apropos of bulls, the following specimen is both rare and comical, and the more so since it was addressed to Bonaparte when elected consul *for life*.

" Du bonheur des Français le gage est
Car ils auront *à vie* un consul *immortel.*"